

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1910.

No. 42.

## Note and Comment

A splendid new building is being completed in Edmonton in which the work done by the present High school will be carried on. The general practice is for a High school once it moves into large quarters, and has many where it had few pupils, to become a Collegiate institute. Whether this is likely to happen in Edmonton or not we have no means of knowing. In any case, would not such a change be a mistake? On general grounds the less pretentious title is better. It is a good rule in speaking and writing never to use a long and an unfamiliar word, where a shorter one that is in more general use, would do as well. This might with profit be extended to the work of nomenclature. The fashion a few years ago was to give youngsters all kinds of fancy, high-sounding names, which soon after they began to rub up against the world they roundly cursed. But the craze passed and Algernon and Lancelot haven't a look-in nowadays with John and Thomas. The phrase "Collegiate Institute" belongs to the same period. It suggests a school, the principal mission of which is to provide educational frills to the neglect of the substantial things that count in the after-lives of the boys and girls, one in which there are "professors" but no "teachers," and in which everything is called by some other name than that to which the youngster entering it is accustomed. It is all very well to strive to provide "something different" but there is such a thing as going too far in the effort. We have grown accustomed to the use of the name but in itself it is almost as objectionable as "academy," the term by which select schools for young ladies and young gentlemen used to be known. The building nearing completion in Edmonton is in fact a high school, in which the work done in the public schools is carried along under practically the same methods as prevail there, so by all means let the old title prevail. It will tend to preserve the interest in its welfare of the mass of the people, whom it is intended to serve.

The Saturday News is reproducing a number of views taken recently in the Peace River country. They give an excellent idea of its general character, and fully bear out what those competent to give testimony have told us. Each year the doubters are becoming fewer and once the railways begin in earnest to carry out the plans for tapping it, that they are undoubtedly hard at work upon, one of the greatest land rushes that has yet taken place on the continent will undoubtedly ensue.

A gentleman who was interviewed the other day on coming down from the north, stated that one great cause of complaint was the fact that not more than a hundred and sixty acres could be homesteaded. This is undoubtedly a genuine grievance, and it has always been beyond the comprehension of many people why, when the Department of the Interior reintroduced the preemption system, it limited the territory to which it applied so as to exclude the Edmonton district and the country beyond it. It was argued at the time that the land where a preemption could be secured was not so good as that in the territory excluded from the privilege. But for some years back acreage has brought a higher price in the former than in the latter sections. The discrimination is grossly unfair and should be remedied without delay. As a matter of fact, there is a better reason why a homesteader should be able to secure the extra land in a wooded country, with all the clearing that has to be done, than on the open prairie. The former should be more valuable in the long run, but the difficulties in opening it up are so much greater that every encouragement should be given the men who undertake it.

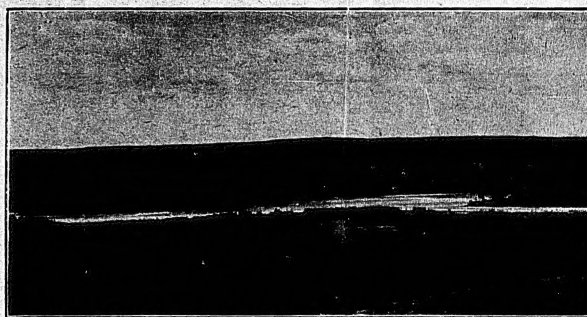
With all the new territory that will shortly be available for homesteading purposes, would it not be wise to consider a change in the obsolete methods which prevail in connection with its distribution. They were abandoned years ago across the line. The spectacle of men and women standing in line outside a Dominion lands office for a week is absurd. There is no need for resorting to physical

endurance tests. The proper course to pursue, when new territory is to be opened up for homesteading, is to advertise the fact far and wide, months in advance, and then on the date appointed have a drawing made, the choice of land being given in the order of the numbers drawn from the hat. This is quite as fair as the present foolish system and would attract a great many more people. The advertising should not consist of small reading notices placed in papers that are on good enough terms with the Department of the Interior to secure its advertising patronage, but should be of the same character as would be resorted to in connection with a well-conducted private enterprise. A few announcements well displayed in Canadian and American and English newspapers to the effect that so many hundreds of thousands of acres would be available, under these conditions, on such a date, would bring such a crowd as to assure speedy settlement of the territory in question.

While we are talking about and hoping for railways into the northern country, the provincial government is proceeding rapidly with the construction of a wagon road from Entwistle on the Grand Trunk Pacific into Grande Prairie. This is a distance of 250 miles and will make the journey 200 miles shorter than by the present route. That many new settlers will go in there next year as a result is certain. There will not be the rush that would accompany a railway, but still we must remember that the land is particularly good and that fairly large settlements have sprung up before under very similar conditions. The Edmonton district was the home of many good farmers when the railway was 200 miles away and at a time when there wasn't the assurance of its being built at an early date, that there is at the present time in connection with

Jersey. If he succeeds, he stands a very good chance of being his party's nominee for the presidency in 1912. In view of this possibility, the showing which he is making is of decided general interest. No one doubts that he stands for the best public life. But the trouble with many men who step into politics from such a position as he has occupied, is that they find themselves altogether unable to adapt themselves to the rough-and-tumble of the fray and so haven't any chance of impressing the mass of voters, on whom the verdict depends. How Dr. Wilson is panning out may be judged from the following editorial reference of the New York Sun, which is not in the habit of making itself ridiculous by praising people when they don't deserve praise.

"A Democratic candidate" it says, "who can praise the Republican party at a mass meeting and provoke no resentment, a speaker who can say a good word for the corporations at a political rally in these hysterical times and not be distrusted, must certainly have a taking way of putting things and an irresistible charm of manner. It was to be supposed that a college president would be able to find words for his ideas and get through a public speech respectfully, but those who know Woodrow Wilson only as the head of Princeton did not hope for anything better than speeches stiffly read from manuscript, and perfunctory applause of his periods. But he speaks extemporaneously with ease and good nature, shows plenty of humor, tells stories cleverly, uses homely and captivating similes, is clear and simple in his expositions, and wins applause apparently without striving for it; and workmen and farmers take to him as quickly and heartily as the professional and business men do. Mr. Wilson is an even more engaging candidate than his most cordial friends can have hoped."



ALLIE BRICK'S FARM AT PEACE RIVER CROSSING

the country to the northwest. The impression prevails that Grande Prairie comprehends only a small area of land and can sustain but a comparatively small population. A man who has gone over it calculates that it is quite capable of sustaining as many people as there are in Alberta today.

Colonel Sanders of the Mounted Police, when visiting his old home in Calgary the other day, had some observations regarding the northern country, to make to a local newspaper, which are well worth paying attention to.

"The Peace River country is surely the land of great expectations," he said. "The summer in that portion of the province is quite as favorable as could be desired for the growing of all farm products. It will not be very long before it will be known as one of the best and most valuable wheat growing parts of the west. Railway promoters and builders see the great possibilities of this country which but a few years ago was dead to the world."

"Much has been said about the muskeg portion of the Athabasca district by some who have been endeavoring to undervalue this property, but it might be said that where the muskeg is the land can be drained and that where it is drained that land is found most advantageous for the growing of good healthy crops. All who visit the Athabasca district see a great future before it."

One of the features of this autumn's election campaign across the border is the fight being made by the president of Princeton University, as Democratic candidate for the governorship of New

Jersey. If he succeeds, he stands a very good chance of being his party's nominee for the presidency in 1912. In view of this possibility, the showing which he is making is of decided general interest. No one doubts that he stands for the best public life. But the trouble with many men who step into politics from such a position as he has occupied, is that they find themselves altogether unable to adapt themselves to the rough-and-tumble of the fray and so haven't any chance of impressing the mass of voters, on whom the verdict depends. How Dr. Wilson is panning out may be judged from the following editorial reference of the New York Sun, which is not in the habit of making itself ridiculous by praising people when they don't deserve praise.

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This is a summary of the argument. There is no denying its strength and if the ideas advanced were courageously applied, a great change for the better would be effected.

It is astonishing at what a rate the old-time antagonism of religion and science is disappearing. It isn't more than a quarter of a century ago since Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce had their famous tussle over the theory of evolution at the meeting of the British association. The other day at the annual gathering of that body, no less a personage than the archbishop of York was one of the speakers and his address makes a new era in spiritual and intellectual development. He referred at length to the bitter conflict of past years and continued:

"But of late years there has been a striking change. Another spirit has been working. There are still, no doubt, in the popular press and on the popular platform echoes of the old disputes. Still, those who may be called the camp followers of science and religion are apt to break out into quarrels. But the highest and best men on either side are conscious that there is a call for truce, a truce of God, a time to adjust misunderstandings, to retreat from rash and hasty claims, to think out their own position more clearly, and to understand with greater sympathy the positions of those who seem to differ from them. On the one hand, science seems to have become aware of its necessary limitations. In its own several departments it is compelled to limit its outlook. It must never be deterred in the pursuit of truth by the thought of consequences which in some other region may be involved. This is the very condition of its success. But it must not, as once it tended to do, take the further step of declaring that these are nothing outside its own limitations, that the postulates and methods which are appropriate and indeed necessary to its own inquiries are the only measure of all truth and reality. This danger of making a necessary method of working an exclusive test of truth is one which science is learning to recognize and avoid even within its own domain. It is more conscious than it was of the gaps still unbridged, of the mysteries still unexplained. It has come to a stage in which it is rather occupied with patience and faith in testing its own hypotheses than in proclaiming that they give a full and final explanation of man and things. Science is more impressed by the consciousness of the mystery which still enfolds the ultimate causes and constituents of the material world and the origin of life, the meaning of the movements of the human spirit, and with this sense of mystery there always comes the kindred sense of reverence and of worship. Materialism or naturalism as a self-sufficing theory of the universe may surely now be described as discredited by the best scientific minds. A true agnosticism which humbly recognizes the limits of scientific knowledge has taken the place of the false agnosticism, which declared dogmatically that beyond those limits there was nothing that could be known. On the other hand religion—or rather religion thinking itself out, which we call theology—has equally come to recognize its own limitations. Interpreted at least by its best minds it sees that its claim to find in a Personal God the ultimate Author and Worker of all things gives it no right to decide 'a priori' the methods of His working in the world. Above all it has learned to reconsider its own conception of God and to look upon Him not as standing apart from nature and asserting His power by occasional arbitrary interference with the laws He has ordained but as dwelling within it, revealing Himself through it, yet in all and through all working out His will. Religion proclaims that He and no mere blind energy is the worker. But it waits for science to give it the tidings of the way in which He works. Thus through this mutual recognition and respect of their proper spheres there has come the possibility of a true friendship between religion and science. The cause of the old conflict was the mistaken desire for uniformity. The way of escape is this newer friendship, this deeper desire for unity."

Such an address fills one with a new hope. With the forces of degradation rampant in every side, it is appalling that natural allies should be fighting over non-essentials.



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An Albertan Weekly Review  
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Subscription \$1.50 per year  
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States points \$2.00 per year  
Advertising Rates on application

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The play at Vegreville town hall on Wednesday night was "The Dunderers," the Young Ruthenian Club being responsible for the production. On Friday "Tony the Convict" was put on under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church. The Mounted Police had better keep an eye on the town down the line during the next few weeks, for great is the influence of the drama.

Canadian Collier's tells about the members of the Edmonton Club listening to Jim Cornwall's stories as they sit "looking out of the smoking-room window, toward the moon that shines bright on the Saskatchewan River, up and away to that Northland where the fresh air is not tainted by the breath of cities." Those acquainted with the club's location are wondering just how the members manage this ocular feat. It's one thing to see double and another to look north and south at the same time.

They were talking about the latest bird-man to fall a victim to his passion. "Well for me," said the man who is accustomed to saying the obvious thing with a good deal of emphasis, "I prefer to stick to terra cotta."

"Who was Atlas?" the teacher asked. "A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the child. "Oh, he supported the world, did he?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Well, who supported Atlas?" The scholar was nonplussed for a moment, but after a little thought said: "I guess he must have married a rich woman."

The trainer was explaining his system. "In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after eighteen years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world. 'Dash,' I once said to him, 'Dash, old man, how do you take married life?' 'According to directions,' he replied."

A group in the park attracted much attention the other day. It consisted of a languid-looking woman reading a novel with a flaming cover, a nursemaid, who was evidently new and green, and two troublesome little children. The youngsters fought, screamed, and scratched while the maid looked on hopelessly.

At last the novel reader closed her book and said impatiently: "Hilda, if you can't keep them quiet send them here to me, and I will sing to them." "Oh, it won't do any good, mam," was the weary reply. "I've threatened them with that twice already."

A Twentieth Century Lullaby Father's in his monoplane, sailing round the moon, Mother, in the taxicab, won't be home till noon; Brother's in his motor boat on the silent sea—

Rock, we motor-cradle, in the nursery! See the Silver Dream-Balloon, down the Milky Way, Floating through the stary drift to bear you far away! Astronauts with poppies crowned at the helm I see—

Rock, we motor-cradle, in the nursery! J. I. M. in Life.

They had obtained the new maid at the intelligence office, fondly hoping that some of the intelligence had rubbed off on her.

She was asked if she could obey orders. "Sure," said she. "Very well, Maggie," said the mistress. "Here is some priceless china. Dist it off."

Maggie dusted it completely off.

Jack Johnson is said to have been

talking to a New York sporting editor about game fighters.

"But they're all game," he said, with a good-humored smile. "They're all as game as Tommy Burns. They're all at Sydney."

"In one of the later rounds at Sydney, when I was punishing Burns pretty bad, a backer yelled: 'Brace up, Tommy, old boy, and stop some of them blows!' 'Stop 'em?' said Burns. 'Do you see any of 'em getting by?'"

"What is your objection to the prize-fight?" "Too much prize, and not enough fight."—Washington Star.

## The Autumn Deadlock

From the Washington Star  
The melancholy days are here—  
As has been sung before;  
Too cool to face the atmosphere,  
Too warm to shut the door,  
Too cool to wear a hat of straw,  
Too warm for felts brand new,  
Too cool, alas! for clams served raw,  
Too warm for oyster stew.

Too cool for ice cream soda drinks,  
Too warm for steaming brews;  
Too cool by far for skating rinks;  
Too warm for football news;  
Too cool to doze in lazy cheer,  
Too warm to walk the floor,  
The melancholy days are here—  
As has been sung before.

There is a story told of how at a church congress a city stockbroker came to enlarge upon his own business capabilities and to deplore the lack of initiative in the modern youth. "Why," he said, "when I landed in this country I was without a cent in my pockets." "Yes," said a bystander, "but there were other pockets."

Society Editor—I was at the Four-hubb-Gaddington wedding last evening.

Sport Writer—How was the betting?

Society Editor (astonished)—What betting?

Sport Writer—Why, on the number of months it would last!

The doctor had looked at the patient's tongue, taken his temperature, felt his pulse, and was at the point of leaving the room, when he paused to say to the sick man's wife, "Madam, in addition to your giving the medicine I have prescribed, I wish you would see that every morning your husband gets a shower bath."

The woman looked worried. "But, doctor," she propounded, anxiously, "what am I to do the mornin's we don't have no showers?"

A woman-bater, who will have many sympathizers, sends this to the New York Sun:

"What will the women be doing next to make life uncomfortable for the men? After going through a year's siege of the 'Merry Widow' hat, that tickled you on the neck when you got wedged in a subway jam, and the 'Chandelier' fan, the feathers of which tickled you on the nose or in the ear when you got jammed in the same crowd, we are now subjected to the new style hair dressing.

This new style hair dressing makes it necessary for the women to arrange their hair on the side of their heads so that it forms a small mountain of hair. I have no doubt that a good deal of false hair is necessary to get the desired effect. The other evening I went to a Broadway theatre to enjoy a show, but when I was shown to my seat I discovered that I was seated beside a woman with her hair done in the latest style. The result was that I could hardly see the stage, and the Klotz I did see I had to stretch my neck in all directions to do so. After the first act I got up and stood in the rear of the theatre.

But the next morning, well, a little

liniment came in handy to loosen up the cords in my neck.

A reader asks us to resurrect the famous Finnigan poem from which stray phrases are constantly heard. Here it is:

Finnigan to Finnigan  
Superior indeed was Finnigan;  
Boss at th' s'ction was Finnigan.  
Whiniver th' cars got offen th' thrack.  
An' amuddled up things t' th' devil an' s'ack.

Finnigan writ it t' Finnigan  
Afther th' wrick wuz all on agin—  
Toot is, this Finnigan  
Reported t' Finnigan.

Whin Finnigan fust wrk t' Finnigan,  
He wrt it in pages—did Finnigan—  
An' he toold jist how the smash occurred.

Fud minny a tujus, blunderin' wor'd  
Did Finnigan wrk t' Finnigan  
Afther th' cars had gone on agin.  
Thot wuz how Finnigan  
Reported t' Finnigan.

Now, Finnigan knowed more than Finnigan—  
He'd more education, had Finnigan;  
An' he wuz 'im clime an' completely out.

T' tell what Finnigan wrt about  
In this wrt-in t' Muster Finnigan.  
So he wrt back t' Finnigan:  
'Don't do such a thing agin;  
Make 'em keef, Finnigan!'

Whin Finnigan got this from Finnigan—

He blushed rosy rid, did Finnigan;  
An' he said: 'I'll gamble a whole mornin's pay—

Thot it will be minny an' minny a day.  
Befoor su'v'indine—thar's Finnigan—  
Gits a wrack at this very same sin agin.

From Finnigan to Finnigan  
Reports wuz no less agin.

Wan da agin, on th' s'ction agin Finnigan,  
On th' road su'v'indine by Finnigan.

A rail gwey, wuz on a bit av a curve  
An' some cars wint off as they made t' swerve.

"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigan;  
"But reports must be made t' Finnigan."

An' he wrt back at McGorrigan,  
As married a Finnigan.

He wuz shantyn' thin, wuz Finnigan,  
As minny n railroader's big agin  
An' th' shantyn' could lamp wuz burnin' bright.

In Finnigan's shanty all that night—  
Bilin' down his report wuz Finnigan!  
An' he wrt this here: "Muster Finnigan—  
Oll agin, on agin,  
Gone agin—Finnigan!"

## GETTING A SHAVE IN ROME.

The barbers of Rome are to be avoided, declares Mr. Harry A. Franck in his "Vagabond Journey Around the World." He avoided a barber shop as long as possible, but there came a day when he was obliged to enter. The seat prepared for customers was a mere chair, a decidedly rickety one. I had all but fallen asleep awaiting the barber's appearance, when he approached stealthily, and slapped me suddenly and emphatically on the point of the chin with the brush of a bankrupt bill-poster.

The blow was nothing compared with the temperature of the splash of water that accompanied it. The cold chills set the ends of my toes tingling. There ensued a tithering of which no American so fortunate as to have spent all his days in the land of the first milk-bottle can form a conception. From ear to ear, from Adam's apple well up my nostrils, that icy water was dropped and rubbed in, with the paste brush and the rasp-like pain

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To hob or not to hobble: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler to endure the hardship Of a gait so much restricted or to stand pat 'gainst this most pernicious skirt, the hobble, And by opposing, end it. Ay, there's the rub. I had it in my mind the other week to write you of the hobble—What hobble? Why, what but the one that lays the ladies by the heels, that gives the Lords of Creation something to smile about, and make those of us of the gentler sex who refuse to wear "it" or "them," a splendid chance to be facetious at the expense of our cribbed, cabined and confined sisters. In Calgary they are telling a story of an Edmonton woman who attempted to board a car, wearing a hobble or hobbles, who slipped and fell, was picked up, and an attempt made to place her on her feet. She again collapsed, was finally picked right side up with care, deposited in a cab, taken to an hotel. Curtain. Hope to die, I even had her name. Now will someone be good. To hob or not? To hobble? That appears to be the question. "Vogue" assures me we shall not hobble long. That hobbling days are

over. But one on a slender income who has bought her harness, will not, it seems to me, be able to cast it aside thus lightly. Hobbles cost money, more of course, if you like them set with precious jewels, still a pretty penny for the skirt alone. The sensible women who usually wear their luckier sisters' "hand-me-downs" will not consent to mimic their steps; cannot afford to, is a hobble. It appears to me we must make up our minds to seeing women folk miss their cars, slip on steps, and come down, and like little catastrophes, for some time to come. But what slaves to Fashion we women have ever been! Go back to the days of Edward the Second, brush aside the dust that has accumulated on the old wardrobes and bring them forth, the fantastic clothes of the day. The courtesy, the gambeson, the houppelande. Why only hark back to our own grandmothers' times, and gaze awestruck at the hoops and quaint old crinolines, the haughty dames of those enchanting days flattered themselves were so becoming. No age can afford to smile at an other. But shades of your great dandies with the tap of your red heels still echoing on the pavement of St. James', shades of you dear women whose hooped skirts give ample space for a pas de seul with no one ever suspecting it, what do you think of us at all, at all, and where, oh Dame Fashion, are you taking us next?

#### THE SAMPLER OF LIFE.

The sampler worked by great-grandmamma. Is kept with care. She signed it "Stella"; true she was a star. Both bright and fair. A laughter-loving face, the sweeping curls Of long ago— The stitches of her sampler lie like pearls, All in a row. She like these precious gems, her whole life through Was ever found, Sparkling with wit, yet tender, good and true. To those around. No errant straying threads, each worked in place. With dainty skill; Her patient industry therein we trace, And steadfast will. And still to us her grace and virtues give. An added might— The sampler of her life helps us to live. And do aught. —Leslie Mary Oyler.

I had the privilege, twice in the past week, of hearing Melba sing. From both performances I carried away the one impression. I loved Melba's voice, but the woman herself pleased me far less. I think I carried this impression from a number of little things. Her choice of songs, in some cases, her method singing them, and lastly her manner of acknowledging the tumultuous applause with which they were received.

I said her choice of songs. And by that I mean as much as anything her encores. With the "Mad Scene from Lucia" I have no cause for complaint, nor so far as that goes, with the "Jewel Song from Faust," which was exquisitely given. But Tosti's "Good-Bye," though delivered with a dramatic power and a haunting quality I have never heard equaled; though sung in English, was very disappointing. To my mind, all great things in life are simple, should be so. They need no trimmings or feathers, no melodramatic help-outs, to impress themselves upon us. Pain, fear, joy, love, death—all these, are they not primal and perfect emotions merely of themselves? Without a gasp, without a protestation, we recognize them, why then, need so great an artist as Melba stoop to such music-hall methods as she indulged in towards the end of the beautiful haunting song? Her delivery of the word "good-bye" is with me yet, an exquisite mimicry; but marring it are certain cheap little tricks no woman in her cheap little tricks should ever have dreamed of employing. Again I like my own language best. I want to be sung to in the tongue I know and love in.

Six years ago Melba, to a number, gave the self-same programme she gave us on Wednesday night, to an encore I might have written: Are there no other songs worthy of her efforts—or is she a magnificent automaton incapable of rendering any but set pieces brought to perfection by years of practice?

Someone told me she lacked temperament. I believe it. Another that she lacked soul; I believe that too; else would no woman with a world of beautiful music to choose from, follow one time-worn rut.

"Comin' Through the Rye!" Heavenly are there no other less hackneyed ballads that can find their way to our hearts?

"Home, Sweet Home!" At once ghosts of Patti and other famous divas stand to attention. Melba did what she thought was expected of her, instead of being original enough to respond as the impulse of the moment might direct.

Because Patti and Melba have done "Home Sweet Home" to death, the very first chord of it always reminds me of the tremulous accompaniment the pianist sets up as Liza crosses the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or they play when the heroine mutters: "Shoot my hated rival, but spare me." I have come to despise what I could otherwise have loved, because it is all set and arranged for like so many scenes in a play. At Calgary I couldn't repress a smile.

As the last strains of "Good-bye" melted into silence, and "Madame Melba returned to bow her acknowledgements, she paused a moment, hesitatingly, as a child would. What should she sing? My spirits rose. It was a delicious, doubtful second. Then over to the piano-topping of dreams—the old story. At that swift retribution followed.

She played her own accompaniment, because she imagined it looked spontaneous. I was back in Edmonton.

"Home, ho—o—o—me, Sweet Sweet Home!" Terrific crashing of wrong chords, with a rather vague and tigherish smile Madame Melba bowed and left us.

I spoke of Melba's reception of applause, and went on to remark that all truly great things and people, were simple. I might have added as regards persons, that they were, modest as well. "Some little talk there was of these

and me." Who in the face of the shortness of life and the long deadness of things, can afford to be blasé, to flatter themselves on possessing qualities or gifts above their fellows? We are such flies, such little insignificant beings in the great scheme of things! So that we must look on life, and life's applause, as well worth while, taking them modestly, but with a "thank you" from the heart. The older I grow the more I realize that only useless, no-account people grow tired of life and doing. To work and dare and be hearty and kind—keen on everything—that, my friends, is what makes life worth while, to great and simple folk—even to Melba.

If there were dreams to sell What would you buy? Some cost a passing bell Some a light sigh. That shakes from Life's full crown Only a rose-leaf down. If there were dreams to sell, Méry and sad to tell, And the crier rang the bell, What would you buy?

PEGGY.

#### COMING EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

One of the greatest treats ever placed before the public has been brought to the city by Starland Ltd., the popular and enterprising caterers of Western Canada, and will be exhibited in their theatre on Monday and Tuesday next. The title of the film is "The House with Closed Shutters," the same having enjoyed phenomenal success, wherever shown and universally accepted to be the greatest production of its kind in the world. The theme of the story, which is a masterly one on the comparison between courage and cowardice, will live and have an uplifting effect in the lives of those who see it long after the picture itself has been forgotten. The battle scenes, which are on a most elaborate scale, are taken from actual incidents in the great struggle between the North and South, and are reproduced in a manner graphic and realistic in the extreme, while the heroic bravery of a girl who undertakes the perilous task of delivering the despatch right through the thick of the fight, will stir the emotions to the very depths. We understand no raise in the price of admission will be



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**LION SAFER THAN HIS WIFE**  
Trainer, Afraid to Go Home, Sleeps in Cage with Animal as His Pillow.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 14.—Rather than face his angry wife when he came back to their tent at the state fair ground, James Swenson, a lion tamer, crawled into the cage with one of the lions and slept all night, his head pillowed on the brute's body.

In the morning Mrs. Swenson went on a search for her recent apostasy with a tent stake. She found her husband asleep against the lion. With a jab of the stake she awakened the animal tamer.

"Coward," she hissed at him, as he struggled up to the lion, out of reach of the stick, "you know better than to come home to me after you'd been drinking, and sneaked in here to hide."

Land taxes paid on or before Thursday the 20th instant will be allowed five per cent discount, after said date until the 30th November three per cent discount will be allowed. Taxes will be accepted at par during December. On 1st day of January 1911 five per cent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes and another five per cent on first day of July following—making ten per cent penalty on arrears of taxes for the year. Taxes are levied for the year from first January to 31st December.

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New  
Fall & Winter  
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The aim of this store has been to reach a point in its development where it can serve on equal terms all the citizens of this great Dominion, and offer to every resident of Canada the advantage of Simpson Quality, Simpson Variety and Simpson Economy, right at your own door without extra cost and without trouble or risk.

The enormous increase of our Mail Order Business now enables us to respond to your good will by being the first store in Canada to extend FREE DELIVERY TO ALL CUSTOMERS.

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KNOWLTON, Que., Oct. 12th, 1909.

"For many years, I suffered from severe Rheumatism, and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work. I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from the disease. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and this medicine has entirely cured me and I honestly believe it is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world."

H. R. MILLS.

Such a statement could not be bought from a man like Mr. Mills. He thinks too much of his good name, to sell it or sign it to an untrue. Mr. Mills tried "Fruit-a-tives" after all other treatment failed—and "Fruit-a-tives" cured him of Rheumatism. In the goodness of his heart, he wrote the above letter in order that sufferers in all parts of Canada would know that there is one remedy that actually does cure Rheumatism. This testimonial was entirely unsolicited on our part. We did not know that Mr. Mills was taking "Fruit-a-tives" until we received the above letter.

It is a case like Mr. Mills' that proves the marvellous power of "Fruit-a-tives" in arresting and curing disease. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that "Fruit-a-tives" will positively cure Rheumatism when properly used. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices and is the greatest Rheumatism cure known to modern science. It goes in a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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## HOME AND SOCIETY

To London town from Babylon. The pageant of the world goes by. For you, for you, I pause and con, A Stander-By.

I haven't yet discovered how gaily and giddily Edmonton was during the past week, for I am just home from a six days' visit to Calgary, city of much wind, where they kick up a lot of dust, but which most people fall desperately in love with, almost at first sight. I followed the general practice. It would be difficult to establish a precedent. I think I had exceptionally good opportunities of judging how kind it is possible for people of a city to be, for I ran down to Calgary mostly on business, and remained to enjoy as jolly a week as I ever remember to have put in.

Comparisons are abominable at any time, but I know now, without the shadow of a doubt, where Calgary leads and we follow, and vice versa, but hush! not a word. While there I wouldn't acknowledge that they were ahead of us—in anything.

Socially the town is very gay during the season. For the Melba concert hundreds came in from the surrounding farms and ranches. There were so many motors tooting and screeching, you would imagine you had struck New York and not a cow town, which influx, I dare say, set the social ball to bouncing about at a most elastic speed, and made things generally very bright and jolly.

Braemar Lodge, I know, was crowded to its capacity, among others who were there, being the Grenfell party including Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, but just returned from their honeymoon. Miss Fairbairn, superintendent of the Edmonton Public Hospital and her sister, Miss Jenny, Justice Harvey, Commissioner Perry and Colonel Sanders of Athabasca Landing being also registered.

Mrs. Sisley had Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clarke Dennis as her guests, and gave two delightful little luncheons in their honor. On Saturday Mrs. Bert Woods, whose kindness to Edmonton visitors is proverbial, had a tea out at the Hunt Club or Country Club, and it was what will, in Mrs. Freddie Lowes' honor, when there was a great gathering of the smart world of Calgary, motors galore, good-looking men and handsome women.

The tea was very well done, indeed, bright, crimson geraniums and satin streamers accentuating the idea of the club surroundings.

Mrs. Woods looked very pretty and attractive in an accordion pleated silk gown in peach or apricot shades, a large flower-trimmed picture hat, and a knot of violets on the corsage, and the guest of honor was stunning in the palest shade of violet crepe de chine with exquisite lace and a dream of a black picture hat, trimmed with a magnificent black willow plume. Some fine pearl and diamond ornaments were also worn. I had the pleasure of seeing a great many familiar faces among a number of strange ones. Mrs. Benson of Golden, who was visiting her sister, Miss Margaret Campbell, familiar both to Edmontonians through their visits to their sister, Mrs. Henwood, in town. Miss Campbell, by the way, is the ladies' golf champion of this year, which is notable as it is practically her first year of serious work at the game. Mrs. Sifton was, of course, one of the guests, and was being kept busy receiving regrets on her departure from Calgary.

Mrs. Munns will be remembered by many Edmontonians, through her residence in Strathcona, while Mrs. Romney, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Nolan and Mrs. Van Wart, have also visited in Edmonton in the last few years, and Mrs. Sisley is an old friend. Miss Edith Shibley, lady principal of St. Hilda's college, motored out with us to the tea and is known to many as Miss Georgie Shibley's sister.

The Hunt clubhouse is a delightfully cosy one, with a wide verandah overlooking the foothills and the men and some of the ladies, really and truly hunt, and come in looking as if they had gone hard after their quarry, and

sc add interest to the tea hour.

I had luncheon on Sunday, a quiet most enjoyable one, where the men carved a fresco fashion, and passed things around in an unpretentious, homely way. The run out is a joy—the wind about babies themselves, and an hour on the cliff verandah is a happy, hospitable break in a peaceful day.

The Calgary Hunt has a most popular master in Mr. Harold Mewburn, and already they have beaten us out in securing hounds. Frequently a coyote is brought in as a reward of the chase and the members are a splendid looking lot, and great sports.

On Mrs. Nolan's reception day, I met a great many old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Lowes had the misfortune to have a fire nearly three weeks ago, which destroyed a great many of their possessions. At present they are busy re-furnishing and fitting up their attractive bungalow, practically rebuilding the interior.

I saw Mrs. Crosskill and Mrs. Aylwin at the Melba concert, but heard the former expected to return to town this week.

I had the pleasure of seeing the beautiful new hall room just completed in the basement of Senator and Mrs. Loughheed's, handsome residence. It is a perfect place for a dance, beautifully lit, with a splendid floor, a billiard room, just off it, and all sorts of quiet, restful nooks. In one room is a second library with a big fireplace, the shelving being done in pure white, with quaint diamond-panel doors.

Mrs. Hull's is another beautiful home, where a few friends gathered for an informal tea party on Monday. Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clarke Dennis left on Thursday to proceed with the arrangements for their new home in Edmonton.

The opening on the 3rd will find a number of Calgarians in town, many having assumed that they intend to come up for it.

On Saturday, Oct. 22nd, at 3:30, there will be a public meeting in the Separate school hall, to form a Musical Club, to which all ladies interested, are invited to attend. The moving spirits in the scheme are genuinely earnest musicians, who would like to see a representative and hard-working club organized in Edmonton. It is hoped that all who are honestly interested in seeing the musical standard of this city raised to what it ought to be, and could be, will make an effort to be present.

Mrs. Leonard C. Howard received last Friday for the first time since her marriage, in her cosy apartment in the Arlington Block, Mrs. Howard, who was wearing her wedding dress of cream lace over ivory satin, was ably assisted during the tea hours by Mrs. John Gaele of Red Deer, Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Cecil Sutherland, Miss Grindley and Miss Velpo. Throughout the season Mrs. Howard will be at home on the fourth Monday of the month.

I have just called up a friend who knows, to find out what's what, or what's been doing the last few days, to get the conclusive answer, "Nothing." Everyone appears to have been good, quiet and busy house-clearing.

On Friday, I learned that Mrs. Ambrose Dickens had a jolly bridge of five tables to aid in securing a deaconess to help with the work of Christ church, and that Mrs. Jennings won the prize. Friday the Golf Dance at the Cecil will wake us all up once more. A bientot.

Mrs. G. W. Swaisland will receive with her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, next Monday for the first time this season and after that on the first Monday of the month.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings will receive next Wednesday and after that on the first and third Wednesdays.

Senator and Mrs. Watson of Portage la Prairie, announce the engagement of their daughter, Alice Isabel, to Mr. William H. Barker, accountant of the Merchants Bank, Portage la Prairie. The wedding will take place in November. Mrs. Watson made an extended visit to Edmonton about a year ago and has many friends here, who will extend warmest congratulations.

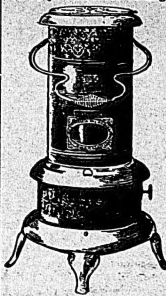
Mrs. Hector A. Porteous, 651 Fifth-street, will receive on Friday, Oct. 21, and on the third Wednesday of each month following.

*Peggy*

For Thanksgiving Day, October 31, 1910, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are authorizing a rate of fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale October 26 to 31 inclusive, final return limit November 2, 1910. 31-O-15.

## Temporary Heat Quickly

Did you ever stop to think of the many ways in which a perfect oil heater is of value? If you want to sleep with your window open in winter, you can get sufficient heat from an oil heater while you undress at night, and then turn it off. Apply a match in the morning when you get out of bed, and you have heat while you dress.



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